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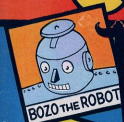
No. 23

10¢

SMASH COMICS



THE RAY
IN A SUPER
THRILLER



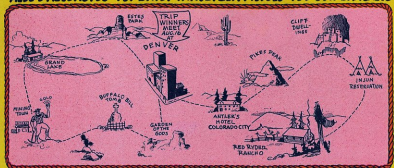


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Columbia

**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 - FIRST IN 1941**

SMASH COMICS, June, 1941, No. 23. Published monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murchey, Advertising Representative, 439 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, P. E. M. Cole & Co., 70 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1941 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.



The RAY

The Electro

HAPPY TERRILL, THE YOUNG REPORTER WHO BY A STRANGE WHIM OF FATE, WAS GIVEN THE POWER OF THE MYSTERIOUS RAY, TAKES HIS LITTLE PAL, BUD, TO COVER A STORY AT GRAND CENTRAL. A GLAMOROUS MOVIE STAR IS COMING EAST FROM HOLLYWOOD.



HURRY, BUD! WE WANT TO GET THERE BEFORE THE AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS GET HER!

HEY, HADDY, CAN'T I ASK HER A QUESTION, HUH? CAN I ASK HER IF SHE WEARS A WIG, FAKE EYE-LASHES AND FALSE TEETH?

THAT'S NO WAY TO APPROACH A LADY, BUD.



SUDDENLY TERRILL'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO A SMALL SCURRYING FIGURE.



O.K., BUD... YOU TAKE CARE OF THE INTERVIEW... ASK HER WHATEVER YOU LIKE!

HUH?



I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT MAN ABOUT A LOT OF TROUBLE!



WHY, HELLO, BEETLE! WHOSE MURDER DID YOU COME TO TOWN FOR THIS TIME?



O.K., TERRILL, GET IN... I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY... BUT YOU NEWSBOYS WILL NEVER FIND ANYTHING TO PIN ON ME!



KEEP YOUR DANDRUFF DOWN, BEETLE... ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE THE FIREWORKS ARE GOING TO BE... JUST A HINT!..



WELL, DON'T PEDDLE IT AROUND, YOU MIGHT DROP IN ON CHINATOWN, THOUGH!.. THE "BLOODY ANGLE" MAY SEE SOME ACTION AGAIN!



I'M GETTING OFF HERE... AND THANKS FOR THE TIP!



LATER..

HAPPY, I GOT IT! AN EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT... SHE DOES WEAR A WIG!





THE RAY WATCHES AN OLD CHINESE EMERGE FROM A RESTAURANT AND START ACROSS DOYER STREET.

SUDDENLY FROM DARK DOORWAYS, A MOB OF THUGS RUSH THE DEFENSELESS MAN.

ON A BEAM OF LIGHT CAST BY A CHINESE LANTERN, THE RAY SWOOPS DOWN.



WITH ELECTRIFYING BLOW, HE SLASHES INTO THE TOUGHS.

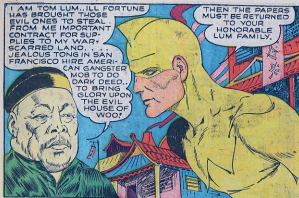
DISPERSING THEM EFFECTIVELY.

HALP! WHERE'S AN AIR-RAID SHELTER?

A THOUSAND THANKS, OH POWERFUL ONE! FOR SAVING THIS MOST WORTHLESS PERSON!

TELL ME, SIR, WHO ARE YOU? WHY WERE YOU ATTACKED?





I AM TOM LUM. ILL FORTUNE HAS BROUGHT THOSE EVIL ONES TO STEAL FROM ME IMPORTANT CONTRACT FOR SUPPLIES TO MY WAR-SCARRED LAND. JEALOUS TONG IN SAN FRANCISCO HIRE AMERICAN GANGSTER MOB TO DO DARK DEED... TO BRING GLORY UPON THE EVIL HOUSE OF WOO?

THEN THE PAPERS MUST BE RETURNED TO YOUR HONORABLE LUM FAMILY.

MEANWHILE AT HAPPY'S APARTMENT...

WHAT'S KEEPING THAT GUY?



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS.. BEETLE ENTERS.



WHERE'S TERRILL?

A BRILLIANT FLASH BLINDS THE CROOK MOMENTARILY..



IT COMES FROM BUD'S RAY RING.

NOW I GOTCHA!



BUD PUTS UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM.



GET UP, KID. AS LONG AS THAT SNOOPY REPORTER ISN'T HERE I'LL USE YOU INSTEAD!

YOU'RE CARRYING IMPORTANT PAPERS TO LOS ANGELES BY PLANE.. BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS.. YOU'LL BE WATCHED ALL THE WAY!



BEWILDERED AND ALONE, BUD IS SOON PLANE-BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA..THE CONTRACT OF TOM LUM IN HIS COAT POCKET.



ALTHOUGH BUD REALIZES HE IS BEING SHADOWED, HE FLASHES HIS RAY RING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE PLANE, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT THE RAY'S ATTENTION WHERE- EVER HE MIGHT BE.



DOWN BELOW, THE RAY IS LEAPING SWIFTLY FROM ROOF TO ROOF!

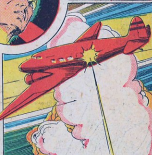


SUDDENLY...

WHAT?



A BEAM OF LIGHT STRIKES ACROSS HIS FACE...LOOKING UP HE CATCHES BUD'S SIGNAL...



TRAVELING ON THE BEAM FROM THE RING, HE SHOOTS SKYWARD.



BUD SIGHS WITH RELIEF AS THE FAMILIAR FACE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.



HIGH ABOVE THEM, A SMALL FAST MONOCOUPÉ KEEPS PACE WITH THE CLIPPER.

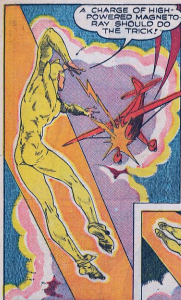


BUT THE RAY IS QUICK TO SEE BEETLE'S PLANE.



BUD FOLLOWS WITH HIS BEAM, AS THE RAY SHOOTS OFF THE CLIPPER.





A CHARGE OF HIGH-POWERED MAGNETO- RAY SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



CRIPPLED, THE PLANE FALLS INTO A SPIN, SPILLING OUT ITS OCCUPANTS.



BEETLE HAS PULLED THE RIP- CORD. HIS CHUTE BILLOWS OUT ABOVE HIM.



WITH BUD STILL COOPER- ATING, THE RAY DIVES AFTER BEETLE.



AS THE RAY TOUCHES THE SILK CHUTE, IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES PLUMMETING BEETLE TOWARD THE EARTH.



BUT THE RAY SWIFTLY GRABS HIM.

PULL OVER TO THE CURB, LITTLE MAN!



HE OVERTAKES THE TRANSPORT, DRAGGING BEETLE WITH HIM.



DON'T WORRY...I'LL HOLD YOU ON THE TAIL OF THIS SHIP TILL WE REACH CALIFORNIA!

Ooooooooooh!

SOON THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE OF SAN FRANCISCO IS SIGHTED.



YOU GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PLANS, BEETLE.

THE RAY LEAVES THE PLANE AS IT LANDS.



BUT IF ANY HARM COMES TO THE BOY, YOU'LL ANSWER FOR IT! I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!

BUD IS MET BY A WELCOMING COMMITTEE.



SMART GUY, DE BEETLE... NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT A KID WAS CARRYIN' DE PAPERS... C'MON, KID!

THEY DRIVE INTO THE HEART OF CHINATOWN.



AT THE HOME OF LONG WOO, THEY FIND THE CHINESE SURROUNDED BY HIS AMERICAN GANGSTER COHORTS... BEETLE STANDS TREMBLING IN THEIR MIDST.



EXCELLENT! YOU HAVE SERVED US WELL... NOW TO GET RID OF THE YOUNG ONE!



PERHAPS A BATH OF LIME.

NO!... THE BOY HAS BEEN VALUABLE TO US... MAYBE HE CAN DO SOME OTHER SERVICE!



HAW! HAW! THE RAY SURE PUT THE INDIAN SIGN ON BEETLE! I WONDER WHERE THE RAY IS?



YOU ARE RIGHT, BEETLE... WE WILL PUT HIM UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF THE DRAGON'S BREATH INCENSE!

STRUGGLING, BUD IS DRAGGED BEFORE A hideous idol.



NO! LEGGO O'ME! HEY!



STOP! I'LL BE... WE'LL BE KILLED IF YOU HURT HIM!



SPAWN OF A MISERABLE VERMIN, YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR OBJECTIONS!

NO! LONG WOO... I'LL LET ME EXPLAIN!

THE ROOM WHIRLS DIZZILY BEFORE BUD, AS STRANGE LIGHTS SEEM TO FLICKER FROM THE BUDDHA'S EYES TO THE WEIRD SCENE BELOW.

THEN, AS IF FROM THE VERY EYES OF THE BUDDHA, THE POWERFUL FORM OF THE RAY APPEARS.



ATTABOY, RAY, GIVE IT TO 'EM ON THE BUTTON!

LIGHT THE INCENSE! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT ME!



YOU MADE IT!!

WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, BUD!



THE RAY QUICKLY SUBDUES THE RACKETEERS, BUT LONG WOO MAKES A GETAWAY, CLOSING A HEAVY IRON DOOR AFTER HIM.



FREED BY THE RAY, BUD DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR.



THAT DOOR IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY!



STAND BACK!



THE RAY THROWS A TERRIFIC VOLT AT THE DOOR... IT SHATTERS WITH A DEAFENING ROAR.



THE ROOM BEHIND BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND A STAGGERING FIGURE LOOMS THROUGH THE FIRE.



LONG WOO FALLS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD DEAD.



SCOOPIING BUD UP IN HIS ARMS, THE RAY DASHES OUT...



SIRENS WAILING, THE POLICE AND FIREMEN ARRIVE TO QUENCH THE FIRE AND TAKE THE THUGS IN TOW...



HAPPY TERRILL APPEARS ON THE SCENE.



AND BUD HAS THE HONOR OF PHONING THE NEWS TO NEW YORK.



WINGS WENDALL



By
VERNON
HENKEL

EUROPE IS IN FLAMES AS A GREAT DEMOCRACY FIGHTS WITH ITS BACK TO THE WALL, AGAINST THE FORCES OF DICTATORSHIP. AMERICA GIVES A PLEDGE OF ALL POSSIBLE AID, SHORT OF WAR, AGAINST THE DICTATORSHIP..

..IN THE UNITED STATES

WE MUST AID THE FORCES OF FREEDOM. WE MUST SEND THE DEMOCRACIES PLANES...PLANES... TO CRUSH THIS DICTATOR NATION!



SOON PLANE AFTER PLANE IS WINGING OVER THE ATLANTIC..



IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE EMBATTLED NATION, CHEERING THOUSANDS GATHER TO GREET THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHIPS..



HERE THEY COME!

HURRAH!

THE PLANES ROAR OVER THE HEART OF THE CITY.



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, A CLOUD OF BOMBS DROP FROM THE LOW-FLYING SHIPS....



HORRIBLY DISMAYED, THE AWE-STRIKEN POPULACE WATCH THE BOMBERS FLY ON INTO THE INTERIOR OF EUROPE.



OH.. THE VILE FIENDS!

THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!

BUT THEY RETURN THAT NIGHT, ON A BOMBING RAID.. NOW BEARING THE INSIGNIA OF THE DICTATOR NATION!



IN AMERICA...HIGH RANKING INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS MEET IN SECRET SESSION

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER...THOSE SHIPS FELL INTO ALIEN HANDS BEFORE THEY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC, AND WE'RE SENDING A HUNDRED MORE IN A FEW DAYS!



GENERAL HARRISON, HEAD OF INTELLIGENCE, SPEAKS..

AND WINGS WENDALL WILL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



A SECRET AIRPORT A FEW MILES AWAY..

WE'RE FLYING OVER THE ROUTE THOSE BOMBERS WILL TAKE, SPINNER!

WOW! ACTION!



WE'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW THAT FLIGHT GOT INTO THE DICTATOR'S HANDS!



SOON MILE AFTER MILE SLIPS AWAY BENEATH THE BULLET-PLANE'S WINGS..



ONE MORE FIELD TO CHECK, IT'S THE BASE WHERE THE SHIPS REFUEL BEFORE THEY HOP THE OCEAN!



LATER..WENDALL CIRCLES OVER THE BASE..



LOOK! DICTATOR SUBMARINES IN THE HARBOR, SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!..WHEN THE PLANES LAND, THEY CAPTURE THE PILOTS, AND TAKE THE SHIPS!



SWIFTLY THE BULLET-PLANE ROARS AWAY

HEY! YOU'RE RUNNIN' AWAY.. AIN'T WE GONNA FIGHT 'EM!



YOU BET WE ARE! BUT FIRST WE'RE FLYING TO STANLEY FIELD FOR HELP!



AT STANLEY FIELD

IT'S A BIT IRREGULAR, BUT I'LL HELP YOU, WENDALL!



SOON A MIGHTY ARMADA FOLLOWS WENDALL SEAWARD



NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE
WINGS SPEEDS AHEAD
OF HIS COMPANIONS..



HE CIRCLES LOW
OVER THE SUBS...

LET GO WITH THE
SMOKE, SPINNER!



THIS SMOKE RING
WILL MAKE A
SWEET TARGET
SIGHT FOR THE
BOMBERS!



WINGS! THE SUBS!
THEY'RE GONNA
SUBMERGE!

AND HERE
COME OUR
PLANES!



THE AMERICAN BOMBERS DIVE THRU
THE RING AND RELEASE THEIR BOMBS..



ALMOST DIRECT HITS
TEAR THE SUBS TO
MANGLED WRECKAGE..



NOW WE'LL LAND
AND CLEAN UP THE
FOREIGN RATS
WHO TOOK
POSSESSION OF
THAT ISLAND



THE SCRAPPING AMERICANS
LAND, AND AN UNDECLARED
WAR TAKES PLACE..



WINGS! THERE'S A LOT
OF AERIAL BOMBS IN
HERE.. THEY MUST'VE
BEEN UNLOADED
FROM THE SUB!

THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA!



AS THE ARMY PLANES HEAD
BACK TO STANLEY FIELD, THE
HUNDRED HEAVY BOMBERS
ROAR IN FOR REFUELING...



WHILE THE TANKS ARE BEING FILLED, WENDALL TALKS RAPIDLY TO THE PILOTS.



SOUNDS LIKE A BIG ORDER, SURE BUT WE'RE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN WENDALL!

YEAH.. WE'LL MAKE HEAD-LINES IN TOMORROW'S PAPERS!



BOMB RACKS ARE SWIFTLY LOADED, THEN.



THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF A HUNDRED PLANES, AS THE BOMBERS SPEED TOWARD EUROPE..



LATER...A POWERFUL DICTATOR RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE..

THE AMERICAN-MADE BOMBERS CROSSED THE BORDER..EVIDENTLY OUR PILOTS WERE SUCCESSFUL!



GOOD! WITH THOSE BOMBERS WE'LL DEAL OUR ENEMY A CRUSHING BLOW!



AS WINGS AND HIS BUD-DIES CARRY OUT THEIR REVENGE ATTACK, CUTTING A TERRIBLE PATH THRU THE DICTATOR COUNTRY.. FACTORIES, AIR-BASES, SHIPYARDS.. NOTHING IS SPARED!



DO SOMETHING! QUICK... SEND UP THE SUICIDE SQUADRON -THEY MUST BE STOPPED!



..BUT AS FAST AS THE PLANES COME UP, THE FLASHING BULLET-PLANE DOWNS THEM.

THAT WAS A SUICIDE SQUADRON, SPINNER!



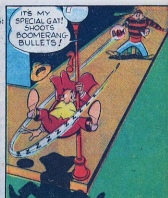
SUICIDE IS RIGHT.. WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH US!

LATER..THE PLANES RETURN TO A DEMOCRATIC BASE...

NICE JOB YOU DID, WENDALL! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CAPTAIN ONE OF OUR SQUADRONS!

THANK YOU, SIR..BUT I OWE MY SERVICES TO AMERICA!









BEFORE LONG, THE
ROBBER LOOKS
LIKE A HOBO, AND
IS ON HIS WAY...





HA! HA! THAT
TAKES CARE OF
THAT! NOW TO
GET BUSY ON
THE OTHER
ANGLE!



LIKE THE WIND, THE
JESTER STREAKS TO A
POLICE STATION...



YOU'LL WAKE
UP SOON
AGAIN!



THEN—THE GUARD
TO THE CELLS....



BEFORE I GO, BOYS—
I JUST WANT YOU
TO KNOW LIMPY
GOT 100 GRAND—
NOT 50!



WHAT?
WHY,
TH'
LOW-DOWN
DOUBLE...



MULLIGAN IS GOING TO
HATE ME
MORE AND
MORE FOR
THIS!



H'YA
SARGE!

THE
JESTER!



WELL!
LOOKEE
HERE...
THE CELLS,
ARE OPENIN'!



C'MON—ALL YOU
HOBOS...
BEAT IT!



FRY MAH HIDE!
STEP ASIDE, SON!



WHAT TH'?? HEY! I
GOTTA STAY HERE, I
JUST GOTTA MAKE
OUT I'M SLEEPIN'!



CLEVER
IDEA, LIMPY—
GETTING YOUR-
SELF PUT IN
JAIL ON A
VAGRANCY CHARGE
SO MULLIGAN
CAN'T FIND
YOU!



PUTTING ON AN ACT EH?
BY THE WAY... I TOLD YOUR
PALS THAT YOU LIFTED 50
GRAND FOR YOURSELF OUT
OF THE 100
YOU
STOLE!



MAYBE THIS
WILL WAKE
YOU!



OR AT
LEAST IT
SHOULD!



OW!



NOW, MY
FRIEND, I'M
GOING TO USE
YOU AS BAIT
IN A LITTLE
PLAN OF MINE!



WHAT'CHA
GONNA
DO?

YOU'LL
SOON
KNOW
NOW, MOVE!



YOU'RE
GONNA
HANG ME?

YEP, BUT
NOT BY YOUR
NECK!



WITH A LONG ROPE
THE JESTER
LOWERS LIMPY DOWN
INTO AN ALLEY...



I-I CAN'T GET LOOSE!
IF TH' GODS SEE ME
I'M DONE FOR AN' IF
GUS AND HANK FIND
ME THEY'LL...
WHAT AM I GONNA
DO ????

MEANWHILE, THE JESTER PICKS UP THE TRAIL OF GUS AND HANK WHO LOOK FOR LIMPY.



HEY! YOU'LL FIND LIMPY IN DUNN'S ALLEY!

WHO SAID THAT??

I DUNNO! BUT C'MON!



THEN...

HEY, MULLIGAN! YOU'LL FIND THAT BANK-ROBBER IN DUNN'S ALLEY!

WHAT TH'!



BEFORE THE POLICE OR THE CROOKS REACH THE ALLEY, THE JESTER IS AGAIN ON THE ROOF ABOVE LIMPY.



THEN FROM BOTH ENDS OF THE ALLEY RUSH THE TWO THUGS, AND THE POLICE



THERE'S TH' RAT!



GUYS BARK OUT, BUT LIMPY SHOOTS UPWARD, OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!



SO YOU ONLY GOT 50 GRAND, EH? YOU RAT! IT WAS 100!!

WHAT TH'?



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

GULP! I FORGOT! COPS!

THIS GUY THAT FLIES UP T'THE ROOF... I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT... H-HEY!



A ROUND OBJECT STRIKES MULLIGAN

THE JESTER!—HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THE CROOKS! SURROUND THE PLACE. I'M GOING UP T'THE ROOF AFTER THEM!!!



AS MULLIGAN REACHES THE ROOF!

CHUCK LANE! THE ROOKIE! WHERE'S THAT JESTER??



W-WHY, ER... I HAD HIM DOWN, READY TO FILL HIM FULL OF LEAD, BUT HE SLIPPED DOWN A DRAIN PIPE AND GOT AWAY!



ONCE AGAIN THE JESTER DISSOLVES INTO THE PERSON OF CHUCK LANE.

THE

Purple T-RIO

BY
S.M. Regi



THE TRIO, WARREN, ROCKY AND TINY ARE DOING A ONE NIGHT STAND FOR A BRONCO-BUSTING AUDIENCE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SWEET CACTUS, ARIZONA.

HEH! IF YOU GUYS'LL WAIT 'TIL NEXT WEEK, I'LL HAVE YOUR DOUGH!

BUT A FORCED SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS..

YEAH? WELL, WE WANT TO BE PAID...AND NOW!

I TELL YA I AIN'T GOT IT.. THEY MADE ME PAY MY RENT THIS WEEK!



AW, COME ON! CAN'T A DRY COW!

SO THE TRIO ARE STRANDED ON THE DUSTY ROAD OUT OF SWEET CACTUS.



BUT TRANSPORTATION ARRIVES AT LAST.



HEY, MISTER, YOU OUGHT TO TRADE THIS LIMOUSINE IN. YOU MIGHT GET 20 CENTS FOR IT! HEH! HEH!

HEH HEH YOURSELF HE IS NOT AMUSED!

TALKATIVE CUSS!



THEIR CHAUFFEUR DRIVES IN SILENCE UNTIL HE SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE A GROUP OF TUMBLER-DOWN SHACKS.



WE GOTTA GET OUT HERE? BBUT WHERE ARE WE?



HAY HAY HAY THIS! HYAR'S A GHOST TOWN! AN ME I'M A G-GHOST! HA! HA!



WELL, IF THAT'S NOT JUST OUR LUCK!

HAY HAY! HO! HO! HEE, WHEE! HA! HA! HA! HA!



THERE'S NOTHING FOR US TO DO BUT SPEND THE NIGHT IN THIS CREEP JOINT!



HEY, ROCKY! GIVE A LOOK!

THEY ARE REAL GHOSTS!

ACROSS THE SADDLE OF ONE OF THE RIDERS LIES A PROSTRATE FORM...



THEY'RE NOT SPOOKS? BUT WHO-EVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!



HEY, FELLAS, LOOKY

LIKE A SAVAGE SPIRIT OUT OF THE PAST, AN INDIAN CREEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...



ROCKY IS ALMOST SKINNED BY THE DEADLY BLADE...



HEY!

BUT...

THIS IS WHAT THEY MEAN BY GIVING IT BACK TO THE INDIANS!



JUST THEN THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN...



WE'LL HOLD HIM IN HERE!

WARREN AND ROCKY HAVE DUCKED...



BETTER TIE HIM UP AFORE HE COMES TO!

VIPPIN' COVOTES? THOSE GUYS ARE KIDNAPPERST I'VE SEEN THEIR MUGS ON "WANTED" SIGNS!



WOLF FANGS? WHAT IN THUNDER HIT HIM?



WARREN DECIDES TO
USE HIS TALENTS AS
A VENTRILOQUIST.





BUT SLIM AND PEDRO SOON WISH
IT HAD BEEN ONLY GHOSTS...



THE KIDNAPPED MAN COMES
TO IN THE MIST OF THE
BATTLE



AS THEY STEP BACK, THE
ROTTING WOOD GIVES WAY.
THE WALL CRASHES BEHIND
THEM.





AND DEAD-EYE TINY COMES SHOOTIN' UP THE ROAD....



THE KIDNAPPED MAN HAS REGAINED HIS STRENGTH...



THE BANDITS ARE RIDDEN BACK TO SWEET CACTUS.

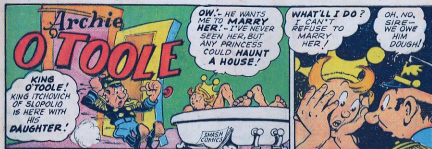


LATER...



NO MORE JALLOPY RIDES FOR OUR HEROES... THE PURPLE TRIO IS TRAVELING IN LUXURY NOW...





Midnight

HERE HE IS!



HI YA GANG!

by JACK COLE

BY DAY HE IS JUST DAVE CLARK, SPOT ANNOUNCER FOR NIGHT SHADOWS WHEN HE DONS THE EERIE GARB OF MIDNIGHT, THE MIGHTY AND FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD!!

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BIG CITY NATIONAL BANK, AN OLD MAN ENTERS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

MR. MILLS, I'LL BE BRIEF: WOULD YOU GIVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO REGAIN YOUR YOUTH?

WOULD I GIVE HUN?



NAW! NAW! MY YOUTH! NO HO HO! WHAT IS THIS — A GAG?

QUITE!



ONTO THE BANKER'S MOUTH FLIES THE CAPSULE, AND AN UNBELIEVABLE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...



FROM MAN —



TO BOY —



TO BABY IN ONE MINUTE!!

THERE! BY THE GRACE OF MY DISCOVERY HE IS YOUNG AGAIN! IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT SUCH A SERVICE BE REWARDED.

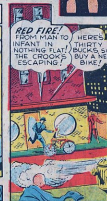
VAULT ROOM? BRING IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND IN BIG BILLS, TO BE REWARDED, MY OFFICE!



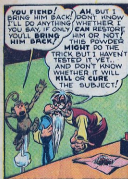
HERE IT IS, MR. MILLS — BUT WHERE IS — ??

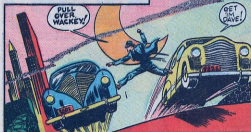
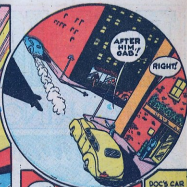
HOLD IT!!







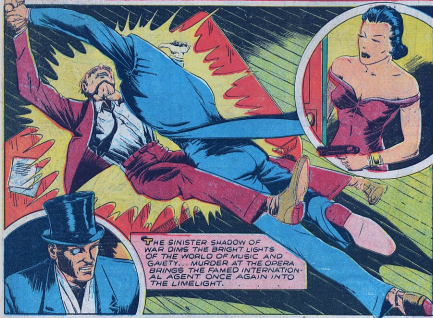




Another sensational installment of Midnight in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



BLACK X ESCORTS THE GLAM-
OUR GIRL OF THE YEAR,
SANDRA SANDERS, TO THE
OPERA.

LIKE IT?

IT'S JUST
PERFECT
FROM
THIS
BOY!

THE TENOR REACHES THE PEAK
OF HIS SOLO... HE WHIRLS A
HEAVY LANCE ABOUT,
SUDDENLY THE CYMBALS
CRASH AND...



HE JABBED THAT LANCE
INTO THE BARITONE!
THAT WASN'T PART
OF THE ACT!



BLACK X LEAPS TO THE STAGE. THE TENOR FLEES.



BACKSTAGE IS A MADHOUSE OF SHRILL EXCITEMENT AS BLACK X DASHES THROUGH.



HE SPOTS TWO DARK FIGURES IN THE SHADOWS.



THE TWO MEN EDGE BEHIND A DRESSING ROOM DOOR



WITH THE SPEED BORN OF FURY, BLACK X LUNGES AT ONE SWARTHY VILLAIN.



BUT THE OTHER MAN LOOMS UP BEHIND.



BLACK X DUCKS QUICKLY. THE DARK GOES WILD...



THE MAN WILTS
TO THE FLOOR.
A MATCHBOOK
FALLS FROM HIS
UNCONSCIOUS
GRASP. . . .



HMM... JUST A
MATCHBOOK...
NO! LOOK
AT WHAT'S
SCRIBBLED
INSIDE!



AS BLACK X
PONDERS, A
WALL PANEL
SLIDES QUIETLY
OPEN. . .



THAT'S THE FASCIST
GROUP I'VE HEARD
ABOUT! THEY'RE
PLOTING TO OVER-
THROW OUR GOVERNMENT AND
STOP OUR AID TO BRITAIN!



A HAND REACHES OVER
BLACK X'S SHOULDER..



THE PANEL IS
CLOSED WHEN
HE WHIRLS
ABOUT.

WHO? OH!
THAT
BRACELET!
IT WASN'T
HERE BEFORE!



THIS
BELONGS TO
MADAME
DOOM!



SO SHE'S IN ON THIS
TOO! THAT'S
GOING TO MAKE
IT A LITTLE
MORE
INTERESTING!



HE DASHES OUT... A CAR IS JUST
LEAVING THE OPERA HOUSE WHEN..



HOLD IT!
I'M COMING
TOO!

MADAME DOOM,
I'LL RELIEVE
YOU OF THAT
GUN!



DRIVER, YOU'LL TAKE
US TO 11-29 RIVERVIEW
DRIVE... FAST!



THE CAR RACES ALONG LONELY DARK ROADS.



BRANCHING OFF TO RIVERVIEW DRIVE, THEY PAUSE BEFORE A HIGH CLIFF.



SUDDENLY A SIDE OF THE CLIFF SWINGS OPEN.



YOU'LL STAY HERE TILL I RETURN, MADAME DOOM!



THE CHAUFFEUR HAS IDEAS OF FREEDOM.



BUT A SINGLE BLOW FROM BLACK X LEAVES HIM COLD.



NOW THESE STAIRS OUGHT TO GO SOMEWHERE!



HMM... A BLANK STEEL WALL? BUT HERE'S A BUZZER!



AS HE RELEASES THE BUTTON, A WALL PANEL SLIDES APART.



SHH... LEE, HERE COMES ANOTHER SUCKER.. MADAME DOOM PROBABLY SENT HIM!



BLACK X SPEEDS INTO A SWIFT OFFENSIVE....



LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS, BLACK X INVESTIGATES FURTHER...



H-M-M, LOOKS LIKE AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE GOING ON DOWN THERE!

LUIGI PISCATO IS DEAD... OUR PLANS ARE KNOWN TO NONE BUT OURSELVES... NOW WE CAN START THE REAL WORK... THIS BUTTON IS WIRED TO MINES PLANTED IN EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN AIRDROME...



BRAVO!

VIVA ROMANO!

BLACK X LEAPS FROM THE BALCONY...

WHEN I PRESS IT, AMERICAN DEFENSE AVIATION WILL BE NO MORE!... AND THAT ENDS BRITISH DEFENSE TOO!



THIS IS MY CUE!

YOU PRESS NO BUTTONS TODAY, GENTLEMEN?



?

ANGRILY, HE RIPS THE BUZZER FROM THE WIRES, AND...



I'M AWARE OF YOUR FASCIST SABOTAGE SCHEME... WELL, IT DIDN'T WORK!

KILL HIM! SEIZE HIM!



BLACK X IS CORNERED BY ROMANO'S MEN...



IN A CONCENTRATED TACKLE, HE IS BURIED BENEATH THEM...



HA HA! WE KEEL YOU!

NO SPY CAN LEARN OUR PLANS AND LIVE!

UGH-O-O-OF.

SNOOPER

BLACK X IS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF A GREAT PIT.



THROW THE DOG IN?



BUT BLACK X LUNGES AT ONE GUARD



ANOTHER GUARD RUSHES FORWARD WITH A MACHINE GUN



BLACK X SENDS HIM FLYING ATOP HIS COLLEAGUE.



BOTH GUARDS LOSE THEIR BALANCE AND TUMBLE INTO THE ACID PIT.



AND ROMANO, THE OUTLAW LEADER, IS ALONE AGAINST BLACK X.



I'LL BORROW YOUR PHONE!



F.B.I. NEW YORK? HAVE UNCOVERED SABOTAGE RING.



NOW, ROMANO, WE WAIT FOR THE F.B.I. I'LL JUST KEEP YOU COMPANY!



A SHORT TIME LATER, F.B.I. CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CAMOUFLAGED GATE



GOOD WORK, BLACK X...NOW WHERE'RE YOU GOING?



BUT WHEN BLACK X REACHES THE CAR...



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME AND TERRIFIC ODDS, KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, BATTLES THE CRYSTAL QUEEN AND HER CRAFTY AID, CAGLIO, THE MAGICIAN, WHO THREATEN THE WORLD WITH THE BLUE DEATH....

LOOK, KENT!
HERE'S THE MOST
VALUABLE OF ALL
MY COLLECTION -
IT'S CALLED
THE BLUE
CRYSTAL!

IT IS CENTURIES OLD AND
ACCORDING TO LEGEND
CONTAINS HIDDEN POWERS!
BUT AS YET NO ONE HAS
BEEN ABLE TO BRING FORTH
THOSE POWERS....AND
WHAT THEY ARE,
NO ONE KNOWS!

SOME SAY ITS POWERS
ARE ORDINARY, BUT
OTHERS SAY THEY
ARE STRONG...
YES - EVEN
DEADLY....

WHAT'S
THAT?

DON'T MOVE!
YOU ARE
COVERED - I HAVE
COME FOR THE
BLUE CRYSTAL!



FIVE MINUTES LATER

TIME'S UP, CAGLIO...
WHAT TH-?? GET THAT
AWAY FROM MY
EYES...UGH-



SUDDENLY THE GUARD LETS OUT
A YELL AND COLLAPSES IN A
DEAD HEAP...

LOOK!
HIS FACE
AND HANDS
HAVE TURNED
BLUE-IT
WORKED!



I CAN SEE IT
NOW-THE BLUE
DEATH WILL
TERRORIZE
EVERYONE!

WE'RE
COMING TO
THE DOCK...
OH-OH! HERE
COME MORE
GUARDS!



CAGLIO TURNS THE BLUE
CRYSTAL ON A WALL
BEHIND THE APPROACHING
MEN....



HAHAHAHA!
THAT'LL SHOW
THEM WHO
IS MASTER!

CAGLIO!
QUICK-
GET INTO
THIS
BOAT!



MEANWHILE THE INVISIBLE HOOD
HAS WANDERED INTO THE PRISON...



GREAT SCOTT!! THE
BLUE CRYSTAL REALLY
WORKS.... THERE GO
CAGLIO AND THE GIRL...
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!!

HOURS LATER, AS THE BOAT NEARS
A LANDING UP THE BAY... THEY ARE
UNAWARE OF THE NEWSPAPER
HEADLINES THEY HAVE
MADE....



BLUE DEATH
STRIKES AT
ISLAND PRISON-
LOSS OF LIFE
AND DAMAGE
GREAT-

STATE-WIDE SEARCH
FOR CARRIERS OF
BLUE DEATH!

HEAVY GUARD AT
ALL GOVT. BUILDING
WHERE WILL BLUE
DEATH STRIKE
NEXT?

AS THE BOAT ENTERS A STONE ENCLOSURE, A HEAVY IRON GATE DROPS AFTER IT



THE HOOD FOLLOWS THE TWO PLOTTERS...



YOU ARE WRONG, CAGLIO! ONLY I SHALL RULE THE WORLD...OR ELSE THIS GUN SHALL SPEAK!!



NO USE ARGUING - I'M TAKING IT!

WHAT TH--?? WHO DID THAT??

WHY-



YOU CAN SEE, IT WON'T DO EITHER OF YOU ANY GOOD, SO THE INVISIBLE HOOD WILL DISPOSE OF IT!

INVISIBLE HOOD, EH? I'LL FIX HIM!



AT HIS SIGNAL SEVERAL THUGS COME RUNNING TO HIS AID.



THIS COULD NEVER HAPPEN! IT IS ONE OF YOUR MAGIC TRICKS TO GET THE BLUE CRYSTAL AWAY FROM ME - TAKE THAT, YOU DOUBLEDROSSER!



AS THE HOOD LEAPS AT THE GIRL, HE DROPS THE BLUE CRYSTAL.....



THE DYING MAGICIAN EAGERLY GRABS IT.....



A MINUTE LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND THE CRYSTAL QUEEN'S FORTRESS IS NO MORE.....



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THERE'S STILL A WINDOW LEFT TO JUMP FROM!



WHEW! LUCKY I'M INVISIBLE... IT DIDN'T HARM ME!!



WHAT A STONE!! WHAT A GAL!.....AND WHAT A SWIM AHEAD OF ME!



What's missing from this picture? Taken from dot to dot with a pencil "hop" across "X" and mark again at the next numbered dot.



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ELMIRA, NEW YORK



The **SCARLET SEAL**

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

LIEUTENANT
BARRY MOORE
OF THE POLICE,
IS ALSO THE DREAD
SCARLET SEAL, Foe
OF GANGLAND, AND
IS SOUGHT BY THE
FORCES OF BOTH
LAW AND LAW-
LESSNESS

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THIS DEB, BERNICE FONDA,
HAS DISAPPEARED, BARRY, AND
IT'S UP TO US TO **FIND** HER!
HER OLD MAN HAS **DAG**,
AND **HOW!**



HE **MUST**, TO
HAVE THE CASE
DUMPED IN YOUR
LAP, DAD!

ACCORDING TO WHAT WE
HAVE, THE **LAST** HEARD OF
BERNICE, SHE WAS ON HER WAY
TO SEE THAT **SCULPTOR**
FELLOW, MORTA!



THAT
NEW MAN WITH THE
REALISTIC
BRONZE
STATUES?

THE SAME! AND SAY, **NOBODY**
SEEMS TO REALLY **KNOW**
MUCH ABOUT THIS **MORTA!**



THAT'S
QUEER!
HE'S SO
FAMOUS!

MEANWHILE, AT MORTA'S STUDIO -

AH, MY DEAR, YOU WILL MAKE
SUCH A **LOVELY** STATUE!



NO-NO!

WE'LL GO AROUND AND SEE
THIS **MYSTERIOUS MORTA!**
AND, THIS PHOTO **MAY** COME
IN **HANDY!**



LET'S MOVE,
BARRY!

AND LEAVING POLICE HEADQUARTERS

LATER, AT MORTA'S STUDIO.

FROM THE **POLICE**, YOU SAY?
COME **IN**, GENTLEMEN!



JUST A FEW
QUESTIONS!

MISS FONDA? YES, SHE POSED
FOR ME, FOR - **THIS!**
YOU SAY SHE HAS
DISAPPEARED!
HOW SAD!



GOSH, WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL JOB!

ART'S THE
BUNK!

THE F.B.I. MAY HAVE SOME
INFORMATION! I'LL GET HIS
FINGERPRINTS!



OH, MR. MORTA -

TO MAKE SURE WOULD YOU MIND IDENTIFYING THIS PHOTO OF MISS FONDA?



OF COURSE!

YES SHE'S THE ONE ALL RIGHT! SHE **POSED FOR ME!**



THANKS, LET'S GO, DAD!

OUTSIDE MORTA'S STUDIO

WHAT WAS **THAT** FOR, BARRY?



TO GET HIS FINGER-PRINTS, DAD I'LL SEND 'EM TO THE FB I

THE NEXT DAY—

SAY, DAD, THE **EBL HAVE** MORTA'S PRINTS! WAS IN THE ARMY IN 1918, AND **THEN** HE WAS AN **EMBALMER**— I WONDER—



CAPTAIN MOORE—

—THERE **SEEMS** TO BE A **WAVE OF MISSING PERSONS** DETERMINE IF THERE IS ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN **THESE** AND THE **FONDA CASE!**



OK, COMMISSIONER

AFTER EXAMINING THE RECORDS OF THE OTHER MISSING PERSONS.

QUEER! THE LAST HEARD OF 5 OF THESE MISSING PERSONS WAS ANSWERING AN AD BY THE **AJAX EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!** **AJAX, HERE I COME!**



LATER, AT THE **AJAX EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!**

SURE, I REMEMBER **THOSE FIVE**, **LIEUTENANT MOORE** THEY NEVER CAME BACK TO **PAY ME!**



IF THEY WERE HIRED BY A **SIX-FOOT SCARECROW**, THAT LOOKED LIKE AN **UNDERTAKER**, YOU'LL **NEVER GET PAID** I FEAR!



THEN I'M OUT OF LUCK, FOR THAT'S THE MAN WHO HIRED 'EM!

LATER, AT THE **POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE**

A SEARCH WARRANT FOR **MR MORTA'S STUDIO** ON **THIS EVIDENCE?** **ABSURD**, **LIEUTENANT MOORE!**



OK, SIR!

RIGHTS OF OUR CITIZENS MUST BE RESPECTED!



AND CROOKS ARE CITIZENS! HENCE, THE SCARLET SEAL!

BARRY GOES INTO HIS SECRET LABORATORY—

THIS CAMERA AND FLASH POWDER COME IN HANDY!



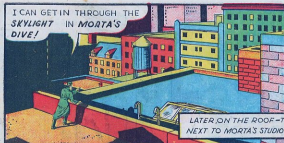
THRU A SECRET DOOR TO THE NEXT BUILDING, WHERE A TRANSFORMATION IS MADE—

—AND THE **SCARLET SEAL** LEAVES BY A DOOR TO ANOTHER STREET—

NEXT STOP, **MORTA'S.**



I CAN GET IN THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT IN MORTA'S DIVE!



LATER, ON THE ROOF-TOP NEXT TO MORTA'S STUDIO —

IT SEEMS DESERTED!



THE SCARLET SEAL DROPS TO THE FLOOR OF MORTA'S GLOOMY STUDIO —



THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE A-A-CHEMISTRY LAB, AND —



THE SMELL COMES FROM HERE! I'M GOING DOWN!



GREAT GUNS! A LAB - ELECTROLYTIC VATS, AND UNLESS I'M WRONG, EMBALMING EQUIPMENT, AND MORTA HARD AT WORK! THIS IS A GRISLY BUSINESS!



FROM A BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE FLOOR BELOW —

BACK IN THE STUDIO —

IF I'M RIGHT, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LIFT ONE OF THOSE BRONZE STATUES —



— I CAN! MORTA'S A FIEND!



NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL TRY THE DOOR!



BUT MORTA'S BALEFUL
GLITTERING EYES GLARE
AT THE SCARLET SEAL —



YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE,
THANKS TO MY **BURGLAR**
ALARM.



CAUGHT LIKE A
CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL
DETECTIVE!



SO, YOU'RE THE FAMED
SCARLET SEAL, EH! WHAT A
LOVELY STATUE YOU'D
MAKE, BUT —



B-R-R-R-R!

-I'D BETTER TURN YOU
OVER TO THE POLICE!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN!
I'LL LET THE POLICE FIND
ME HERE! AND THUS LET
MORTA HANG
HIMSELF!



THIS IS MR. MORTA! I
HAVE **CAPTURED** THE
SCARLET SEAL...—YES
IN MY **STUDIO**...



WHILE MORTA PHONES THE
POLICE, THE **SCARLET SEAL**
SPILLS **FLASH POWDER** —

TEN MINUTES LATER THE
POLICE, LED BY BARRY'S
FATHER, ARRIVE!

SO! THE **GREAT SCARLET SEAL**
AT LAST! COME ON!



ONE MOMENT! YOU SEEK
BERNICE FONDA I AM
TOLD!



DO WE? AND
HOW!

HASTE SPILLS THE SAKI
WINE UPON THE GROUND!
I HAVE **FOUND**
BERNICE FONDA!



YOU HAVE?

WHERE?

LIES!



ALSO I SOLVE CASES OF MANY OTHER MISSING PERSONS!



HE'S STALLING!

THE SCARLET SEAL SPEAKS TRUE. TO FIND BERNICE AND OTHERS, LIFT STATUES!



YOU CAN'T! THOSE BRONZE STATUES WEIGH 1000 POUNDS!

OH NO, BECAUSE - THEY ARE NOT BRONZE STATUES! BREAK THEM OPEN - AND LEARN!



HEAVENS ABOVE, I THINK I GET IT!

GOOD AND NOW GOOD-BYE!

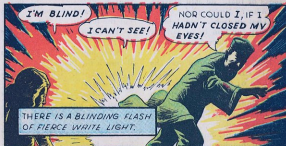


SCARLET SEAL FIRES THROUGH HIS SLEEVE INTO THE FLASH POWDER.

I'M BLIND!

I CAN'T SEE!

NOR COULD I, IF I HADN'T CLOSED MY EYES!



THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH OF FIERCE WHITE LIGHT.

AND, WHILE MORTA AND THE POLICE GROPE IN TEMPORARY BLINDNESS—



THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN FIVE MINUTES

THE SCARLET SEAL GOES BACK TO HIS WAREHOUSE, AND BECOMES BARRY MOORE



AND AS BARRY STROLLS INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS—



I SEE YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPERS! THE SCARLET SEAL'S CRACKED ANOTHER CASE, AND A HORRIBLE ONE! YOU WERE RIGHT! MORTA HAD BEEN AN UNDERTAKER!

THIS GUY MORTA'S A LOONEY THAT WANTS FAME AND STUFF. SO HE DECIDES TO BE A SCULPTOR, IN A GHASTLY SORT OF WAY!



BUT, WHERE WAS BERNICE FONDA?

THE NEXT MORNING'S PAPER



INSIDE THAT STATUE OF HER AT MORTA'S! HE'D KILLED HER, AND A LOT OF OTHER VICTIMS—EMBALMED 'EM, AND THEN COPPERPLATED THEM, MAKIN' THOSE LIFE-LIKE STATUES OF HIS! TOO BAD HE'S CRAZY, OR HE'D GET THE CHAIR LIKE HE OUGHT TO!



I AGREE, DAD!



A buzzard wheeled high over the brown San Luis hills. Ab Stevens turned to Jimmy Christian, where they stood near the office of the mine tunnel. He shook his head. "I don't like the looks of that," he said gravely.

"What?" Jimmy said.

"That buzzard. Too late in the day for him to be sailing; must've been disturbed by something or somebody . . ."

Jimmy looked down over the barren stretch of hills. A single ribbon of chalk-white road showed here and there between high bluffs. "Well," he said.

"Ever hear of Pablo Rojas?" Stevens asked.

"The bandit! Sure."

"Bad hombre, Rojas. Never troubled us up here, but he's getting holdier . . . that just could be Rojas and his hand the old buzzard's watching."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Maybe we'd better get set for the fireworks, Ab."

Ab spat in the dust. "With two rifles and a brace of pistols? Don't be funny, youngster!"

Jimmy admitted to himself that this situation presented certain obstacles . . . they were only two, against an unknown number. The hundred-odd miners had all gone down the mountain to their homes an hour ago.

"Look, Ab!" Jimmy pointed.

A file of horsemen came out of the pass below them, kicking up a great cloud of dust.

"Rojas, all right!" snapped Stevens. "Now, you let me do the talking, son. Maybe I can fox 'em." He motioned Jimmy back into the office.

Five minutes later the mounting roar of hooves clattered to a halt outside. Jimmy heard one

of the bandits clumping toward the mine office. He took a quick look through the window and saw a gaudy little chap decked out in the Mexican badman, Rojas, of course.

"Ho, Senor Stevens!" sang out the bandit.

"Hi, Pablo, what can I do for you?"

Pablo bowed. "The senor can do much for Pablo."

Ab laughed. "I have little to offer, amigo."

"You gringos!" Pablo shook a reproving finger at Stevens. "You have gold, senor, much gold!"

"Pablo's sense of humor . . ." Stevens began.

"Gold, I said!" Pablo cut in, this time with a savage ring to his oily voice. "Let us not dally any longer, senor. We have ridden long miles here for the gold bullion."

Ab Stevens was mad by this time. He took a step forward. "Either you're 'crazy, or somebody's been kidding you," he stated. "Think we'd keep gold here?"

The bandit leader whipped out his revolver. "I'd hate to do it, senor," he said evenly. "But unless you tell me now where . . ."

Jimmy moved then. He had remained out of sight. As he stepped toward Stevens, the latter threw out his hand. Pablo misinterpreted the gesture. He lashed out with his pistol, crashing the ball against Ab's temple. The mine owner toppled with a crash and blood oozed from the wound over his eye.

Pablo shouted to his henchmen. The outlaws leaped from their horses and came running.

But by this time Jimmy had ducked through a secret door at the back of the office, slammed it shut, and was sprinting up the long tunnel in the darkness. An idea had suddenly popped into his head. He could do nothing for Ab, against that pack of cut-throats. Nothing, that is, unless . . .

Jimmy ran, stumbling, through the semi-darkness. There was no sound of pursuit behind him. They had not discovered the secret door. There was an iron gate locked over the outer mine entrance; it would take them some time to batter it down. They would ransack the office first, thinking the gold



was hidden there. If as there any gold at the mine, Jimmy wondered. Ab hadn't said.

A turn in the tunnel brought Jimmy to a supply cabinet in the wall. Hastily he drew out a miner's lamp, lighted it and sped on. The cars were a good five hundred yards up the shaft yet . . . would he be in time?

The cross beams were lower as Jimmy neared the terminus of the drift and he had to duck the last few rods. Then he came to the string of a half dozen mine cars, their wheels blocked, ready for the morning shift, when they would be filled with ore by the laborers and shunted out to the stamp mill.

The string of cars were not, at

the moment, Jimmy's goal. Back at the extreme end of the drift, suspended from the beams above the narrow-gauge tracks, were a dozen huge, globular objects. Very carefully Jimmy cut them down, carrying each one to a car and gently placing it on the floor. When he had all of them aboard, he gathered up an armful of rocks, kicked the blocks from under the forewheels of the first car, and hurled the missiles . . .

Ab Stevens hadn't moved. A small pool of blood had welled out under his head. He breathed noisily. Pablo and his men ripped the interior of the office to shreds. There must be, the handit chief reasoned, a wall safe hidden somewhere. Miraculously, the door through which Jimmy had fled was not discovered by the searchers and so, cursing in the worst Spanish, they abandoned the office and headed for the mine entrance. The iron portal would give them little trouble.

"A pole!" directed Pablo. "Get a pole and beat the gate down!"

They found a length of telephone pole not far away and, with a dozen men manning it, began a systematic battering of the iron grille. The lock gave after a few blows. The outlaws dropped their ram and, yelling like Indians, leaped into the tunnel.

Pablo remained outside. Why should he help those lazy, not-so-courageous peons to do the dirty work!

The sound of the men's shouting faded and at last Pablo could not hear them at all. They'd find the gold cache, all right! The gringo was not so smart, after all. There was bulion, Pablo knew, whereabouts. If it could not be found in the office, then of a certainty it was hidden in the mine tunnel. Pablo grinned in anticipation at the great spending spree he'd go on in San Luis Potosi with all that gold . . . what was that!

Far off, cries and shouts drifted to Pablo's ears. The sound grew in volume, piercing screams muffled by the dank confines of the tunnel. Yes, they were racing toward the entrance! And now Pablo could hear a dull roar above the sound of the rapidly advancing men.

"Caramba!" he muttered, craning his head just inside the tunnel. "What is it?"

The roar grew. The shouts and cries became louder. Several shots bellowed. Then a great rush of conglomerate sound surged out of the tunnel. A bright beam of light suddenly swung into view, around the bend of the tunnel. Figures danced before it, jumped aside, as the rumbling juggernaut, gaining momentum, raced through the mass of running men.

Pablo Rojas took a hasty step



back. Here was something out of his realm. He began running down the hill toward the horses. Just before he reached them, the mine cars, coupled together, hurtled out of the tunnel and thundered down toward the stamp mill, a quarter-mile distant. Then from the tunnel issued a veritable cloud of droning darkness . . .

It was magic! Pablo crossed himself and bolted into his saddle. As he touched spur to his horse, the first of his men bounded screaming from the tunnel. He was running like a scared deer, fanning the breeze savagely with his sombrero. His compatriots followed, in a

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straggling, shrieking line, all of them wielding their hats as if fighting some unseen devil.

The last of Pablo's outlaws vanished down the hill as Ab Stevens came to and wobbled to his feet. He was standing, groggily watching the amazing exodus, when Jimmy burst into the office from the secret door. There was a huge lump under one eye. Jimmy was grinning.

"Boy!" he exulted. "Did that ever put firecrackers to their heels!"

"What the dickens happened?" demanded Ab, massaging his gashed temple gingerly.

Jimmy told him, chuckling. Then he added, "I didn't know whether there was any gold here or not."

"There was," Ab said, grinning. "It just happened that I was lying over the trap door that covered the floor safe; they didn't move me." Ab laughed.

"Say, that was a slick idea, loading those heels into the mine cars. Acted as a sort of blitzkrieg to Pablo and his boys, eh?"

Jimmy stroked his chin with mock superiority. "I'd call it a 'beeskrig'!"

READ THE HUNTED CASTLE
 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
Smash Comics
 ON SALE MAY 21ST

ABDUL

The ARAB

By Powell Roberts

GUIDED BY HIS FORMER TUTOR, THE DOUR
TURK HASSAN, ABDUL IBN BEY WISELY RULES
HIS MANY TRIBES.



ABDUL'S FAVORITE NIECE, POOCH, IS VISITING HIM. HASSAN IS HONORARY BODYGUARD... MUCH TO HIS DISCOMFORT.

THAT
IMP OF
SATAN!



MOST MISCHIEVOUS
CHILD I'VE EVER...
WHA...



LASSED SECURELY, HE IS A FINE
TARGET FOR A STINGING SUC-
TION-TIP ARROW...



WHEN I LAY MY
HANDS ON
THAT...
THAT.



HA! HA!
HO HO!
HO!



OH NO, YOU DON'T!
COME BACK HERE,
YOU LITTLE
VIXEN!

LEMME
GO! YA
BIG
LUG!



I'M GOING
TO...

HERE!
WHAT
GOES
ON?!

OH
YEAH?



OH! HEH? HEH?
HELLO, ABDUL!
POOCH AND I
WERE JUST PLAY-
ING A
GAME!

HMM...
PERHAPS
YOU'D BETTER
TAKE HER
RIDING. I CAN
SEE YOU'RE
SUCH GOOD
FRIENDS!



MEANWHILE A RICH CARAVAN
PLODS SLOWLY OVER THE DESERT.



SUDDENLY RUTHLESS BANDITS
ATTACK... THE CARAVAN HAS NO
TIME TO DEFEND ITSELF...



IN A FLASH, THE PRINCESS BARDIA IS PULLED OUT OF HER HOWDAH AND CARRIED AWAY BY THE BANDIT CHIEF.



A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY THUNDER INTO A HIDDEN CANYON.



HASSAN, LOOK! SMOKE IS COMING FROM THAT CANYON! WONDER WHO IS CAMPING THERE! TAKE A LOOK!



IT'S PRINCESS BARDIA!

YES, AND THAT IS KIBUR, THE THIEF! HE'S KIDNAPPED HER!



OH OH! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE'RE NOT WELCOME!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, KEEP MOVING! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE CHIEF!

NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT!



WELL? KISMET IS KIND! NOW I HAVE TWO HOSTAGES FOR RANDOM!



AS FOR YOU, HASSAN, I HOPE THIS LITTLE PIT WILL PROVE COMFORTABLE.



A DAY OR TWO IN THE HOT SUN WILL BURN YOU TO A CRISP, IF YOU DON'T DIE OF THIRST FIRST! HEH! HEH! HEH!



WHILE HASSAN FUMES HELPLESSLY BURIED, POOCH IS PUT IN A TENT WITH PRINCESS BARDIA.

PSST! IF YOU CAN OCCUPY THE GUARD FOR AWHILE, I CAN SNEAK OUT AND GET ABDUL!



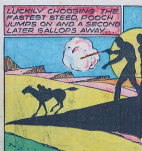
IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD FOR YOU TO DO...I IMAGINE HE'LL FIND YOU INTERESTING!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE THAT HE DOES.



WOW! WHAT A TECHNIQUE! A WHOLE ARMY COULD GET OUT OF HERE!





MEANWHILE HASSAN IS QUICKLY
DUG UP



THAT CROOK IS
ONE OF THE BEST
WRESTLERS IN
ARABIA! ABDUL
WON'T HAVE A
CHANCE!



TRUE TO HASSAN'S FEARS, HE
SOON GAINS THE UPPER HAND
OVER ABDUL. THEN KIBUR
DRAWS HIS DEADLY DAGGER.



FIGHTING DESPERATELY, ABDUL
STRAINS TO KEEP THE BLADE
FROM HIS THROAT



SUDDENLY A NOOSE SLIPS
ABOUT KIBUR'S NECK AND
JERKS HIS HEAD UP WITH A
SNAP.



WE CAME JUST IN TIME!
IF IT WERENT FOR
POOCH, YOU'D HAVE
BEEN AN EX-CHIEF
NOW!



IT WAS SHE WHO THREW
THE ROPE, AND A BULL'S-
EYE IT WAS, TOO! SHE'S
ALL RIGHT! FROM NOW
ON WE'RE REALLY
GOING TO BE
PALS!



SO YOU'RE
THE FAMOUS
ABDUL?



I SUPPOSE,
LIKE THE HEROES
IN THE CARTOONS,
YOU'RE A TERROR
WITH MEN, BUT
A SHRINKING
VIOLET WITH
WOMEN?!



BUT CONTRARY TO
COMIC CHARACTERS,
I HAVE NO FEAR OF
LOVELY LADIES
LIKE YOU!



Chic

CARTER



DETECTIVE MONAHAN'S
OFFICE AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS..

H'YA,
CHIEF..
WHAT'S
DOIN'?

SAY, CARTER,
IF YOU'RE
AFTER A
STORY, YOU'RE
OUTTA LUCK!
THERE AIN'T
NO CRIME..
NOT WITH ME
ON THE
JOB!

SUDDENLY A GROUP OF
WILD-EYED MEN BARGE
IN....

WE'RE TAX-
PAYERS..AND
WE WANT PRO-
TECTION FROM
THIS MADMAN!

HUH?
WHAT?

SO THERE AIN'T
NO CRIME, EH?

SOME MANIAC..
CALLS HIMSELF
THE BLACK DEATH..
MAILED EACH OF
US A DEATH
THREAT! HERE..
LOOK AT THESE!

FOSTER - YOU
ARE THE FIRST
TO DIE! *Black Death*

WORTHINGTON - YOURS
WILL BE THE
DEATH! *Black Death*

DOCTOR PARKER -
YOU DIE
LAST! *Black Death*

HMPH! NOTHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT, GENTLE-
MEN..I'LL ASSIGN
POLICE TO
GUARD EACH
OF YOU..THIS
BLACK DEATH
WON'T HAVE
A CHANCE!

THE THREE
CITIZENS LEAVE
WITH A POLICE
ESCORT..





BACK AT THE DAILY STAR, CHIC STARTS LOOKING THRU THE FILES...

BLOW-GUN..
WEAPON OF
SOUTH AMERICA
AND AFRICA..
HMM!



NOW TO LINK
THIS INFORMATION
TO FOSTER,
WORTHINGTON,
AND PARKER!
THE KEY TO
THE WHOLE
MYSTERY!



WHILE
CARTER
SEARCHES
FOR THE
ALL-
IMPORTANT
CLUE, THE
BLACK
DEATH
PREPARES
TO STRIKE
AGAIN. THIS
TIME AT
WORTHINGTON

WORTHINGTON, THE LAWYER,
SITS IN HIS MODERN
APARTMENT. POLICE
GUARD EVERY ENTRANCE.



I'D LIKE TO SEE
THE BLACK DEATH
GET IN HERE NOW!

..BUT A SKYLIGHT,
EASILY REACHED
FROM THE NEXT ROOF.



HA! HA!
HA! HA!

A CARD FLUTTERS
AT THE LAWYER'S
FEET..



YOU
WON'T GET
ME.. I'VE
GOT A GUN!

..BUT THE BLOW-
DART STRIKES FIRST



DEAD.. WITH
A DART IN
HIM! NO ONE
COULD HAVE
GOTTEN PAST
US!

MEANWHILE.. AT THE
DAILY STAR OFFICE.

AH! TWENTY YEARS
AGO THOSE THREE
WORKED FOR HOLT
INDUSTRIES! HOLT
DIED FOR THE
MURDER OF HIS
SECRETARY. HE SWORE
THEY FRAMED
HIM!



THEY GOT CONTROL
OF HIS COMPANY,
AND GOT RICH..
HOLT'S SON RE-
TURNED FROM
SOUTH AMERICA,
THAT'S IT! YOUNG
HOLT IS THE
BLACK
DEATH!!



A PHONE
INTERRUPTS
CHIC'S THOUGHTS

MONAHAN?
WHAT'S THAT?
WORTHINGTON
DEAD? AND
PARKER MISS-
ING!

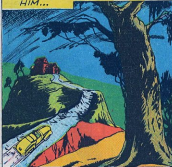


LISTEN...
TAKE A SQUAD
AND MEET ME
AT THE OLD
HOLT MANSION..
HURRY!





SOON THE WEED-STRANGLED HOLT MANSION LOOMS BEFORE HIM...

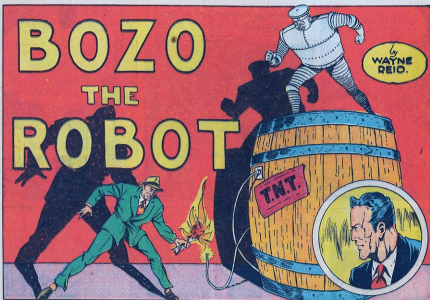


...AND IN AN ANCIENT WINE CELLAR FAR BELOW...



BOZO THE ROBOT

by
WAYNE
REID.



AS A RESULT OF THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS, A NEW PENAL INSTITUTION HAS BEEN ERECTED ON A SMALL ISLAND, OFF THE EASTERN COAST OF THE U.S. - ITS GRIM WALLS HOUSE ONLY THOSE FOUND GUILTY OF SABOTAGE -

ATLANTIC OCEAN

PENAL ISLAND

IN FEDERAL COURT, KARL ZOFF IS BROUGHT IN TO STAND TRIAL FOR AN ARMS PLANT EXPLOSION -

KARL ZOFF - I SET YOUR BAIL AT \$100,000 -

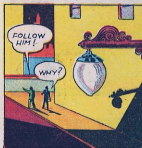
THAT AMOUNT WILL CURTAIL YOUR FREEDOM UNTIL THE TRIAL, AND IF YOU'RE FOUND GUILTY, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO SENTENCE YOU TO PENAL ISLAND!

YOUR HONOR, WE STAND READY TO POST THAT BAIL!

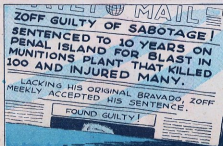
WHAT?!

YES - IN FACT WE ARE PREPARED TO PAY ANY AMOUNT!

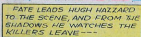
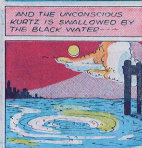
ISS DOT VOT YOU VOOD CALL A LOOP-HOLE, CHUDGE? - HAH HA HA -



THREE DAYS
LATER,
SWIFT
JUSTICE
DOOMS
KARL ZOFF
TO PENAL
ISLAND -



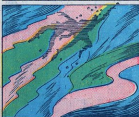
AND IN THE SPY'S HIDE-OUT--





AH! THERE HE IS!

WITH HIS LUNGS ALMOST BURSTING, HUGH HEADS FOR THE SURFACE---



HE'S STILL BREATHING-- NOW TO GET HIM ON THE DOCK!



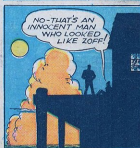
IT'S OKAY, OLD MAN, TALK-- WHAT HAPPENED?

ZOFF-- HE DID IT--



I KNEW TOO MUCH-- I RECOGNIZED HIS MEN--

ZOFF??-- BUT HE'S ON PENAL ISLAND!!



NO-- THAT'S AN INNOCENT MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ZOFF!



THE CLEVER DEVIL!

YES, AND I KNOW HE PLANS TO BLOW UP PENAL ISLAND--



--THAT WAY HE WILL BE THOUGHT DEAD AND WILL NOT BE SUSPECTED OF FURTHER ACTS AGAINST THIS COUNTRY!



YOU SAY HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE PRISON?

YES, TONIGHT!



WHERE DO THEY HANG OUT?

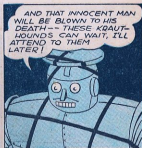
19 DOCK STREET!



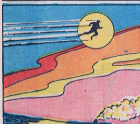
OKAY-- YOU LAY LOW AND I'LL SEE THAT ZOFF IS TAKEN CARE OF!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STREAKS TOWARD DOCK STREET--



AND THE IRON MAN STRIKES OUT FOR THE PRISON---



THE NOISE BRINGS A GUARD RUNNING---



THE IRON MAN TEARS THE
STEEL BARS APART WITH
LITTLE EFFORT--



ZOFF!

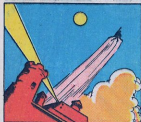
I-I'M NOT
ZOFF-MY NAME IS
FOX!



I KNOW-WE'VE
GOT TO LEAVE
THIS PLACE IN
A HURRY!



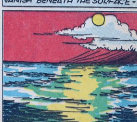
PICKING FOX UP, HE STREAKS
HIGH INTO THE SKY--



BELOW, A TERRIFIC BLAST
CHURNS THE SEA INTO STORM-
LIKE FURY---



AND AS THE WATER CALMS,
ALL SIGNS OF MAN AND ISLAND
VANISH BENEATH THE SURFACE-



BOZO AND THE GUARD MEET
ON THE DOCK--



SAY, YOU
TOLD THE
TRUTH!

IT
LOOKS
THAT
WAY!

WHO
ADE YOU ?

SKIP THAT-TAKE
FOX HERE TO THE
FEDERAL BUILDING-



I'LL DELIVER THE REST
OF THE EVIDENCE AS SOON
AS I FINISH WITH THE
REAL MR. ZOFF!



HERE WE
ARE!



WOW! I'LL BE SLUG-
NUTTY IF I KEEP USING
THIS HEAD OF MINE FOR
A DOOR KNOCKER-

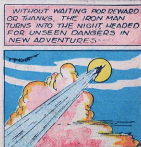
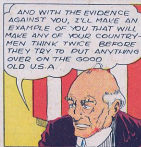
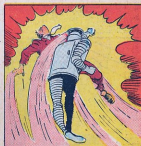


AND IN ANOTHER ROOM--



VOT VAS
DOT?

I'LL
GO
SEE!



Don't miss the next thrilling episode of Bezo The Robot in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



SPEED

Legs driving a bike sprocket and pistons driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. Dead weight saps their energy. That's why in the newest plane engines and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-working weight has been cut to zero. Result: more power per pound. More speed!



CONTROL

Note the big specially designed rudder surfaces on these speedy Army fighters. Why? Answer: speed is useless without control. Then note Royal Riders' 7 riding ribs plus two safety slot traction ribs. They control skids on wet roads or dry.



U. S. ROYAL
RIDER
WITH
RAYON CORD

STRENGTH

Duralumin, beryllium and magnesium provide the bonework of the latest U. S. airplanes. Strength plus lightness is the order of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a bike tire built like a plane.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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